

THE YEAR AND THE DAYS

THE year is a general riding by. A general stout and tall. And little it matters how hard we try. We cannot keep step at all. No matter how eager and spry, 'tis clear. We cannot keep up with the mighty Year!

But, ah, there's a company called the Days. They merry and brave and wise; They march to the music that duty plays. Whatever the changing skies, And no one need stumble, and none need fail. And we may keep step with them, comrades all!

Make ready!—Salute—the great New Year. Rides by to the roll of drums; And then fall in line with a soldier's cheer. For each little day that comes. The Days are like children that come and go— The year can take care of himself, you know!

—Frank Walcott Hunt.

NOTE.—This article, printed in the Boston Globe in 1923, predicted many things which have become a reality in much less time than anticipated.)

HIS New Year's eve while I lounged with nothing else to do, I scanned each column of the Globe and almost ere I knew a growing dimness stole across the printed page; I drew it nearer, and behold! 'twas yellowed o'er with age. My hands, I found, had wrinkled grown, my locks were changed to gray; my form was bent, my vision dim, my teeth had passed away. And as I gazed I heard a voice, "Good morning, grandma, dear! I wish you many, many times a Happy, Glad New Year." Then tall men said they were my sons, and daughters fair to see told me 'his wasn't ninety-three, but nineteen forty-three.

Said I: "My memory has failed; how goes the world today?" "You shall go out this afternoon and see the town," cried they.

At that the tears flowed down my cheeks. Quoth I, "The days are ended when these poor eyes could see the sights."

"Oh, no! we'll have them mended." A grown-up son then seized a knob and gave three pulls upon it: "The car will be here at once, mother; put on your bonnet." And while he spoke the coupe came; 'twas wonderful to me, how faster than an e'en fabled horse was electricity. My son just turned and touched a screw; you'd think I'd lost my mind if I should tell how fast we flew, for we left the wind behind.

We went to see the surgeon first. "The lenses crystalline have grown too flat with age," he said. "We must put new ones in."

With that he hypnotized my mind in some peculiar way, such rare sweet visions floated by, then quickly passed away.

I woke, my eyes were strong and well, and hastening to depart we paid the fee and entered next a gallery of art. But as to pictures, when I turned, so very strange they seemed, I thought the artist must have sketched the stories he had dreamed.

"We never think of painting now," my guide said, with a laugh. "These are but landscapes in the moon, taken by photograph."

"What! are there people in the moon?" "Oh, yes, indeed!" said he. "Here is a lunar telescope; look through and you will see."

I gazed, and to my great surprise distinctly saw them walking. I listened at another tube and there I heard them talking.

"You see," said he, "we've learned to catch such swift, intense vibrations in the thin ether that we hear their slightest intonations. You look surprised," my son went on. "I'll show those eyes of yours a sight worth while, our famous scheme that beats the Paris sewers. These little gutters ramify through all the streets and streets and catch the rain and hail and melting snow. These tiny gratings match, conducting down to pipes beneath, which take it miles below straight towards the center of the earth, where the great heat, you know, will turn it into steam of course, and up it comes again, by other pipes, to spin and weave and cook and print for men. It feeds the factories through the land with no expense for fuel; it polishes for artisans full many a precious jewel. We've laid large pipes through all the streets to warm the winter weather, so rheumatism's out of date and done with altogether.

"Now, mother, we will go and lunch in Africa's sunny clime," and drawing out his watch he said, "I see there's ample time. The sub-Atlantic tunnel's done; we'll take it over there. The cars are sent through every hour by the force of compressed air." He placed me on a cushioned seat within an egg-shaped car, suspended in an iron tube. I felt a sudden jar, and then, to my astonishment, conscious of nothing more, I found that we were standing upon the farther shore.

And soon we reached a city near the Mountains of the Moon. (They told me Ethiopia would be admitted soon as one of the United States, for 'China late had been.) We found a place to order lunch, by three tall men brought in. They served us well, but

Our Long Suit

AMID the vicissitudes of this changing time and with the consciousness of temporariness that comes with the flight of a year, it is pleasant to think of the enduring character of the best thing in life, unflinching love, as does the writer of the following verses:

CARDS and the game are ours as time flits by And deals us chances on the uncertain stage, But, while our wisdom may increase with age, We seldom win, however hard we try.

Clubs promise most to our insistent youth, And diamonds glitter to our later gaze, But melancholy spades our hopes amaze, And leave them buried after all, forsooth.

We count the riches of the passing days, Our gains, our losses, and our gain withal, Our greatest gain, the one that once so small, Ever increasing, stays with us always:

Joy after joy approaches and departs, But we have kept the fellowship of hearts!

—Timothy Barry

spoke no word, while gravely bowing low. Quoth me: "I thought that slavery was done with long ago." "So 'tis," said he. "Then who," I asked, "are these three stalwart fellows?" "They are not human, mother, dear: they're only tame gorillas."

Much as I feared the tunnel then, I feared gorillas more, and glad was I to come again back to our beloved shore.

"When home once more my son remarked: 'You'll want to see the play at the Olympian theater; it's their matinee.'"

"I think I'd like to stay indoors," I said, "and rest awhile."

"Oh, well, you need not leave the house," he answered with a smile. "We do not go to theaters like the canaille. I hope, just darken, open the drape and you will see the actresses and the cornices and the scones and you can hear with ease."

"What is a drape?" I cried. "A small, objective lens, so placed as to command the stage (as all the world now kens), connected by electric wire with your white plate of glass that's framed in panel on our wall, and over this will pass the scenery and actors both until the play is through. By electricians it was tried in 1882."

But that is quite old-fashioned, so I'll show you something new. You'll want to ride in my balloon directly after ten; I'll take you, if you're not too tired, up to the Polar sea."

His kindness overpowered me, and I began to weep, when someone shouted in my ear, "You are crying in your sleep."

The Globe had fallen on the floor, the lamp was growing dim, so what my son might yet have said is known to none but him.

*A fact.

BANISH THAT STRAW MAN

Supposing you thought you had been able to ward off all bad luck during the coming year by merely throwing a straw image out of your house on the last day of December. You would have thrown out not only one image, but a dozen. And supposing that with the discarding of the straw effigy you had thrown away all your sins. This is what the people of far-away Korea believe. On the day before New Year's the wise and far-seeing head of each family carefully makes a rough image of straw, which, with great ceremony, is taken to the door and thrown away with all the vigor a man would exert when he threw away ill fortune.

NEW YEAR OF ANCIENTS

The ancient Egyptians, Phoenicians and Persians began their new year at the autumnal solstice (September 21) and the Greeks, until the Fifth century, B. C., began the year at the winter solstice (December 21). In 432, B. C., the Greeks changed the festival to June 21, the beginning of summer.

NEW YEAR GIFTS

The custom of giving and receiving gifts on New Year day, which originated in Rome, still survives in France and Scotland, although in most countries the exchange of gifts at Christmas has taken its place.

The Idyll of a Tug Boat

By Christopher G. Hazard

THE matter with Andrews is that he cannot keep upon any one course. He tucks all over the bay but does not make any port. Shifting as a weather vane, he is as contradictory. He started upon the road to a profession, but landed in a brick-making concern. Then he concluded that he was meant for big business, but he tried to start too high up. A chicken farm was his next employment and it netted him a large amount of costly experience. He now thinks of trying mining, but will undoubtedly dig up disaster. If he ends as a good shoeblack it will be at the bottom, where he ought to have begun, and he will be nearer to true progress.

The tug boat that was proceeding up the river was named "Patience." It was tugging a long following of canal boats at a slow pace. It was making its way towards a definite point and over a prescribed and limited course. And it was going to get there. All its energy was pledged to perseverance in the practice of the proverb, "It's doggedness as does it." The eagle over the pilot house had its wings spread, although it could not fly yet. The boy who stood at the bow said, "I'm only a ship's boy now, but I'll be a man tomorrow."

Can success find such a leap year as will enable it to land at the end of a twelvemonth without plodding towards it from its beginning? Is there any recipe that will enable a young fellow like Andrews to obtain his father's position and wealth without pursuing his father's path of long and patient toil? Must not the well of a bucket stop run dry? Can a gambler finally break the bank?

And can a Jack-at-all-trades be a master of any? No! The times call for specialists, rather than general practitioners. It will be a New Year indeed for everything in general when it becomes something in particular. Better the patient, persistent tug boat than the more exciting but less profitable airplane. The ship's boy of today must precede the captain of tomorrow.

A NEW YEAR'S PETITION

New Year, just within the door, Hear our earnest prayer to you: Bring us bread for all the poor. Bring us friendships tried and true. Bring us hearts with kindness filled. Bring us vision clear and keen. Bring us wisdom when in doubt. And a conscience white and clean.

Give us faith and hope and love Sweetening our daily toil; Give us health to speed the loom. Grind the corn and turn the soil. Give us pure unselfish thought; Give us, too, a century's lease On a reconstructed world Tuned to harmony and peace. —Mina Irving in New York Herald.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS

From old Dutch times to the middle of the Nineteenth century New Year's day in many American cities was devoted to the universal interchange of visits. Every door was thrown open and it was a breach of etiquette to omit any acquaintance in the annual calls, when old friendships were renewed and family differences amicably settled.

REMOVING GREASE

To remove grease and oil stains from wall paper, fold a piece of blotting paper, and in the fold spread pipe clay or French chalk. Stitch or pin the edges together to keep the chalk from falling out. Lay this over the grease spot and apply a hot iron, taking care not to scorch the paper. Change the blotting paper occasionally, and, if necessary, repeat with a fresh iron.

Playing Safe.

Binks—Brown is dreadfully afraid of burglars, isn't he? Jinks—Yes; the first time his wife came home in knickers he crawled under the bed.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE MOON'S HINTS

Mr. Moon heard that the Fairy Queen was going to give a party and he was greatly excited about it. "I'd like to be present at the party," he said to himself. "I do hope it will be an evening party."

"I like evening parties, I must say. Daytime parties aren't at all in my line. No, they're not in my line at all. Well, I must see when the party is to be. Of course, I don't want to hint or anything like that. But maybe I'll suggest to the Fairy Queen that the evening is a lovely time in which to give a party."

"Perhaps she'll take the suggestion and won't see that I'm hinting just a little bit. Well, I'll try."

So the next time the Fairy Queen came up to see the Blue Mountain Top Fairies Mr. Moon was just getting up. "Good evening, Fairy Queen," he said, and grinned his best and most attractive grin.

"Good evening, Mr. Moon," said the Fairy Queen. "How are you this evening?" "Oh, nicely, ma'am. Nicely, your majesty."

"And how are you this evening, Wondrous Fairy?" "Oh, I feel splendid," said the Fairy Queen.

"Good," said Mr. Moon. Then he thought for a moment and then he said: "These evenings are wonderful evenings for all sorts of things. I don't mean anything special, but they're fine for—well—let us say, entertainments, recitals, possibly illustrated lectures."

He didn't want to say the word "parties" right out for fear the Fairy Queen would think he was hinting. "Yes," said the Fairy Queen, "these evenings are nice enough for anything."

Mr. Moon was a little sad at that. The Fairy Queen was not thinking of her party, evidently. "Well," said Mr. Moon after another moment, "I suppose you are quite busy these fine evenings?" "Not unusually so," answered the Fairy Queen.

"No?" said Mr. Moon, becoming a little bolder. "I had an idea you were."

"Oh, no," said the Fairy Queen, "I've not been so busy. But I will be busy from now on."

Well, this was exciting. Mr. Moon could hardly keep from saying right out, "You mean because of your party?"

But instead he said, "Oh, have you much to do from now on?" "Yes," the Fairy Queen answered, "quite a lot."

"Well," said Mr. Moon, "I suppose there is a lot of work to be done at this time of the year."

He thought to himself that that was a foolish remark to have made. Why would any one be so very much busier now than at any other time? But still he had said this and so he wouldn't change his speech now or try to improve upon it.

"No, I really couldn't call it work," said the Fairy Queen. "Well, that's good," said Mr. Moon. "I'm glad it is to be pleasure. I like to feel there is to be more pleasure going on."

He had almost said that he liked to feel there was going to be a party. How nearly he had said that!

He was very glad he wasn't given to blushing, for he knew he would have blushed at that hint of his if it had been a habit of his to blush.

"Well," said the Fairy Queen after a moment, "I love to chat with you, Mr. Moon, but I must be going."

"And one of the things I particularly wanted to say—in fact, one of the reasons I came to the mountain top this evening—was to invite you to my party tomorrow evening."

"Oh, Fairy Queen, this is a surprise!" said Mr. Moon, and then he felt a little guilty and yet it had been a surprise to have been invited like that—all of a sudden. Still he must be perfectly truthful, so he said, "I heard rumors of a party, your majesty, but I didn't know whether or not it was a night-time affair. I am so glad it is."

"So glad you can come," said the Fairy Queen.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 31

REVIEW

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor.—Luke 4:18.

DEVOTIONAL READING.—Psalm 98. PRIMARY TOPIC.—Favored Stories of the Quarter.

JUNIOR TOPIC.—Jesus Went About Doing Good. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC.—How Jesus Ministered to the People. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC.—Some Characteristics of Jesus' Ministry.

Since all the lessons of the quarter save one are from Luke, and the central and unifying theme is Jesus Christ, a profitable way to conduct the review, as suggested in Peloubet's Notes, would be to assign the following topics to the members of the class to make a brief report upon:

- 1. Christ's Mission to the World. 2. Christ's Helpers and How He Used Them. 3. Christ's Divine Power and How He Exercised It. 4. Christ's Methods of Teaching. 5. Christ's Love in Its Many Manifestations. 6. Christ's Courage and How He Showed It. 7. Christ's Foes and His Dealings With Them. 8. Christ's Pity for Sinners. 9. Christ's Passing Through Human Experience. 10. Christ as a Missionary and an Organizer. 11. Christ's Relation to the Father. 12. Christ's Preparation for the Climax of His Life.

Another way would be by summarizing each lesson, stating the outstanding topic and teaching of each lesson. The following suggestions are offered:

Lesson 1. The birth of John the Baptist, which from the human standpoint was impossible, was announced to his father, Zacharias. For his unbelief he was smitten with dumbness. God expects of his servant unquestioned belief in what He promises.

Lesson 2. Jesus was born in Bethlehem just as the prophet had foretold some 700 years before, and at the age of twelve years he consciously entered into the services of God's house. Though conscious of His divine being and mission, He lived a life of filial obedience.

Lesson 3. John the Baptist's ministry was a preparation for the coming of Christ. He fearlessly preached repentance and pronounced judgment upon the impenitent. Though a mighty preacher, he humbly declared that Christ was immeasurably greater than himself.

Lesson 4. Jesus Christ after His baptism was led by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. The purpose was to test the reality of the incarnation. The result was complete victory—a demonstration of His ability to save to the uttermost all who trust Him.

Lesson 5. Isaiah foretold the golden age upon the earth when Christ will reign.

Lesson 6. While Jesus was here He healed all kinds of diseases and cast out devils. He authenticated His mission and proved His power to forgive sins by miraculous deeds.

Lesson 7. Jesus taught the disciples the principles which should govern in His kingdom. Only those who have been born from above can love their enemies.

Lesson 8. While in Simon's house at dinner, a woman who had been a notorious sinner anointed Jesus' feet and wiped them with her hair. The sinner's gratitude to Jesus for forgiveness is measured by the apprehension of sins forgiven.

Lesson 9. Jesus went forth throughout every city preaching the glad tidings of the Kingdom of God. The fact of salvation for sinners through a crucified Redeemer is truly glad tidings.

Lesson 10. Jesus sent forth missionaries with the realization of the big task before them, and with power to perform supernatural deeds to authenticate their mission. Those who realize the greatness of their task will earnestly pray that the Lord will send forth laborers into His harvest.

Lesson 11. Jesus' reply to the question of a certain lawyer, "Who is my neighbor?" shows that the all-important consideration is not: "Who is my neighbor?" but "How can I show that I am a neighbor?"

Lesson 12. A certain rich man in his perplexity over his property decided to provide larger stores and settle down to a life of sensuous indulgence. The one who lays up treasures on earth and is not rich toward God is a fool.

True Prayer.

I have no doubt that the old idea of prayer, as a begging of God to set aside wise laws to accommodate pury and often foolish men, will more and more fade away as men grow wiser. But I think that all this will only prepare the way for true prayer—that prayer which seeks to get the highest spiritual good by conforming to the highest spiritual laws of our nature. This kind of prayer, I think, we shall no more outgrow than we shall outgrow hope, or love, or gratitude, or aspiration, or reverence, or the sense of dependence on a Higher Power, or the need, in our weakness and sorrow, to comfort and strength from some source higher than our poor selves.—Minister.

All in Christ.

All we want in Christ we shall find in Christ. If we want little, we shall find little; if we want much, we shall find much; and if, in utter helplessness, we cast our all on Christ, He will be to us the whole treasury of God.—Bishop Whittle.

STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST TO ALL SOUTH CAROLINA PEOPLE.

Greenwood.—W. M. Welch, local contractor, has closed the contract for the erection of 60 dwellings at the Dunean cotton mills in Greenwood, involving the expenditure of \$100,000.

Charleston.—Miss Anna Clement, 71 years old, was struck by an automobile driven by Clarence L. Rawls on Wentworth street, near King, dying soon afterward in a local hospital to which she was immediately carried by Mr. Rawls.

Anderson.—The Farmers' Merchants bank and the Farmers' Loan and Trust company, separate banking institutions under the same management, which have been in the hands of a liquidating committee since April, 1921, are paying a 15 per cent dividend to depositors and creditors.

Chester.—Chester lodge, No. 18, A. F. M., has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: J. C. Stewart, worshipful master; D. E. Estes, senior warden; T. W. Barrett, junior warden; A. G. Thornton, treasurer; W. H. Weir, secretary.

Greenwood.—Purchasers of eggs at the co-operative produce market here need no longer fear buying old eggs, under a ruling announced which permits customers to take eggs out on approval. If they fail to measure up to the pristine freshness of newly laid eggs they may be returned and money will be refunded or more eggs given in their place.

Woodford.—If plowing under cotton stalks will help to stop the boll weevil he is about at his journey's end around here, for the farmers of this community are well under way with this work. Here and there are little patches that the plows have not touched, but farmers owning these patches are plowing them under elsewhere and with all possibility he will get the rest soon.

St. Matthews.—At the regular meeting of Izlar lodge, A. F. M., the following officers for the ensuing year were installed: W. R. Svmmes, worshipful master; John C. Muller, senior warden; A. S. Smoke, junior warden; Sam Pearlstein, senior deacon; J. E. Sanders, junior deacon; Shep Pearlstein, treasurer; W. H. Goddard, secretary; Flouser Banks and R. E. Castles, stewards; Ralph Axon, tiler.

Greenville.—The Bank of Greenwood and J. C. Self, chairman of the board of directors of that institution, were made joint defendants in a suit for \$45,900 damages filed in federal court here by the Thermoid Rubber company of Trenton, N. J., the plaintiff concerning alleged that it had suffered loss in this amount as a result of sales made to the Owen Tire and Rubber company of Greenwood, in which Mr. Self was also an officer and stockholder.

Chesterfield.—There are a good many cases of influenza reported in the country, but as yet there are not many cases in town. It is reported by physicians to be a milder type than usual.

Newberry.—The Johnstone-Livingston Lumber company and H. O. Long have begun the erection of a planing mill at Helena, a suburb of Newberry. The plant will be completed in January, the machinery having all been brought. It will have a capacity of 90,000 feet a day.

Anderson.—Ralph Gresham, 13 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Gresham, shot himself accidentally in the right hand while examining a pistol. It was said that the bullet passed through the wall of the Gresham home and out into the front yard.

Spartanburg.—L. C. Deadwyler, alias Lacy Thompson, a negro well known in local police circles, was shot and instantly killed while resisting arrest. Officers Fred Burrell and Thomas Steadman fired two shots each in the head, one bullet taking effect in the head.

Greenwood.—Bailey Military institute of Greenwood and Abbeville high school were admitted to membership in the Secondary Schools and Colleges at the recent meeting in New Orleans, according to announcement of Prof. W. E. Black, who attended.

Newberry.—Ralls have been unloaded near the track of the C. N. & L. road, two miles north of Newberry, where eight and a half acres has been bought for a box factory by Vance & Dwiggins of Kernersville, N. C. The plant will be completed by April.

Prosperity.—Fire of undetermined origin completely destroyed the Southern depot here. Through the heroic efforts of the citizens, the fire was kept from spreading to the Wise buildings nearby, which would have resulted in a very disastrous fire to the town.

of an open fire the small child of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey Boyd, of Williston, pushed the six-month-old baby into the fire. Mrs. Boyd was in an adjoining room, and hearing the screams of the baby, rushed in but the child had been badly burned.

Chester.—Up to December 1, Chester county had ginned 17,700 bales of cotton according to statistics gathered by W. F. Marlon, who gathers cotton ginners' statistics for the government in Chester county. Up to the corresponding period last year 25,228 bales had been ginned. A good average crop of cotton in Chester county totals 30,000 bales.

York.—To prevent a spread of influenza, the town board of health has issued an order closing all schools and theaters and prohibiting assemblies in churches and other public institutions.

Spartanburg.—Directors of the Cowpens mill declared a 4 per cent dividend on \$400,000 common stock and \$85,000 preferred stock, amounting to \$19,000, payable January 2, 1923, on all stock of record December 26. The mill is located at Cowpens, ten miles north of Spartanburg, and manufactures sheetings.

Charlotte, N. C.—Advertisements appearing in North Carolina newspapers asked for bids on the Spartanburg franchise together with Manager Mike Kelly and 20 players. This is taken to mean here that Spartanburg has definitely decided to get out of baseball.

Merchant Now Eats Anything on Table

"By the help of Tanlac I have overcome a case of nervous indigestion I had suffered from for ten or twelve years." Is the emphatic statement of Norman W. Brown, well-known wall paper and paint dealer, of 213 N. Cedar St., Charlotte, N. C.

"My stomach was always out of fix and everything disagreed with me. I was troubled with heartburn and dizziness, and at times there was a pressure of gas around my heart that almost cut off my breath.

"Since taking Tanlac my digestion is fine. My appetite is a wonder and I eat just anything I want. In fact, my stomach acts and feels just like a new one and my nerves are as steady as a die. To put it all in a few words, I am just the same as a new man. It's a pleasure for me to tell my friends about Tanlac."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists. —Advertisement.

JOHNNY HAD HIS MISGIVINGS

Small Boy Shrewdly Calculated the Size of Stockings Worn by His Aunt Emma.

Dear little Johnnie's Aunt Emma, a lady of most generous build, had come for a visit and dear little Johnnie had been gazing at her raptly for some minutes. Finally he could stand it no longer.

"Mamma," he cried, "does Santa Claus fill everybody's stockings?" "Of course, dear," replied his mother in some surprise.

"Grown-up people's, too?" "Yes, dear."

"Well," returned Johnnie doubtfully, but as one clinging to a shred of hope, "I hope he gets to mine first."—The American Legion Weekly.

MOTHERS, DO THIS

When the Children Cough, Rub Musterole on Throats and Chests

No telling how soon the symptoms may develop into croup, or worse. And then when you're glad you have a jar of Musterole at hand to give prompt relief. It does not blister.

As first aid, Musterole is excellent. Thousands of mothers know it. You should keep a jar ready for instant use. It is the remedy for adults, too. Relieves sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, chilblains, frost-bite and colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia), 35c and 65c jars and tubes.

Better than a mustard plaster



BEAUTY IN EVERY BOX

CHENEY'S EXPECTORANT

Instant Relief Whooping Cough Croup & Colds Bronchial Troubler

DONT EXPERIMENT ON YOUR EYES

MITCHELL EYE SALVE

Girls! Girls!! Clear Your Skin With Cuticura

Dr. KING'S PILLS - for constipation

PISO'S COUGH?

"THINK" A BOOK YOU'LL USE DAILY.